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Charleston—Burial of Slavery.

The celebration of "The Burial of Slavery," which lately came off in Charleston, and of which a long and rather lumbering account is given in the columns of the *Courier*, was an ambitious, but, as it appears to us, abortive attempt to unite the solemn and the showy, or to invest a species of *Timbuctoo orgie* with the character of civilized celebration; while it was otherwise a blunder that certainly partook somewhat of the ridiculous—to convert what was intended as triumph into a funeral ceremony! The transparency, however, exhibited on the occasion, in which Cuffy and Dinah, drawn to the life, and in appropriate attitudes and costumes, by an artist, who seemed to have dipped his brush in Day's choicest blacking, was a performance not undeserving of the applause with which it was greeted, and formed a caution, as the Yankees phrase it, to the long-staring and rather mystified beholders. In this not ill-executed sketch, which was ostentatiously suspended over the speaking stand, from which the apostle of negro liberty, (now the dearest cause of humanity,) Parson Beecher, addressed his many colored audience—Cuffy was represented in the striking attitude of hurling his hoe into a bush, and looking defiantly at his former master, from whose mouth proceeds a label, with the following words, so largely printed on it as to be legible to the whole crowd: "The Almighty labored six days, says the Bible; what is the hardship of your doing the same!" On another scroll or label, the conclusive answer of Cuffy is given: "I is free, and I isn't God Almighty." Dinah was drawn in an equally significant attitude—namely, with her arms folded, and her mop and broom stacked by her side, and a lace and top-knotted liberty-cap perched on her roked-up wool, with a gay and jaunty air, which indicated, by a sly satiric touch of the painter's brush, that she was much more pleased with it as a piece of holiday finery than as an emblem of freedom, or evidence of the high and precious privileges which she had acquired and been so worthily endowed with. The following account of the grand procession, abridged from the more particular details of the *Courier*, may prove amusing to such of your readers as have not seen the original, of which but a few copies have as yet reached the city.

THE PROCESSION

The various black guilds of the city, consisting of the tailors, bricklayers, scissors grinders, &c., having assembled at 10 o'clock, before the headquarters of Gen. Foster, were soon formed into order or organized as a procession, by the mounted marshals and other masters of the ceremonies—for masters of some kind were found necessary, as could not well be dispensed with on the occasion. At the appoint-

ed hour, with drums beating, emblems and flags flying, and the usual cortege of boys, dogs and rolling clouds of dust, the procession moved off, with measured tread, and at first with tolerable regularity, along Boundary or Calhoun street, presenting an imposing spectacle to the eye of the philanthropist, an evidence of the progress of the age, and the diffusion of free principles—among which we making free with the property of others, whenever this may be deemed necessary by the friends of mankind for the promotion of these principles, may be considered as the most important, as it is unquestionably the most popular or greatly in vogue with these who have nothing to lose and everything to gain by the doctrine and the practice under it. But to proceed with the procession, which, though not set off by the *couleur de rose* hues of a Parisian *champ de mai*, or redolent of the *odeur de rose* breathings of the Goddess of Beauty, formed, with the train of black charmers by which it was graced, attended a truly *belle assemblee*, that exhibited an equal variety of complexion and costume—the latter consisting of the costoff and not always well fitting garments which the *yemmen* of the *fete* had supplied themselves with from the wardrobes of their late masters; while the ladies, more simple in their tastes, figured generally in those sweeping white dresses, for which, though they give to every damsel thus arrayed the appearance of a fly in milk, or jackdaw on a snowy morning, are strangely preferred or much affected by the whole race, of whatever color or shade of color they may happen to be.

The procession having entered King street, that now fashionable promenade, where the Yankee bean and African belle may be daily seen, in trifling or in tender talk; or yet in dashing hack and mule-drawn buggy, taking more airs to themselves than they are enabled to draw or breathe amidst the mist and clouds of dust in which they "live, and move, and have their being." On arriving at the corner of Broad and King streets, some disturbance and confusion arose at the head or in the front rank of the procession, through some dispute about precedence among its black and brown leaders, who had been assigned equal positions and commands by their Yankee friends, who were not sufficiently aware of the feud existing between the two colors, or that a pre-eminence was claimed by those having white blood in their veins over those descended from the sable Eve of the race, who seems to have been of a more frail and Magdalenic character than her white sister, who, at the South, at least, has left none to rise up and reproach her either with the legitimacy or illegitimacy of their births. This point of etiquette, which either of the offended gentlemen would have promptly and politely yielded on the field of battle, was not, however, to be so easily waived where, though no blood was to be shed, its claims and dignity were to be asserted and preserved or firmly upheld. The parties, therefore, were not so easily appeased, and a regular set too or butting match (a favorite mode of fighting with this certainly strong-headed, if not over strong-minded, race) would have ensued, had not the marshals and other officials interposed and temporarily compounded the quarrel, by which, however, the cavalcade was left in a rather decapitated condition for the rest of the day. It nevertheless resumed its march, and, though now rapidly falling into disorder, and appearing to have business on both sides of the street, continued to make for the distant bourne of South Bay, where it eventually arrived with scarcely a corporal's guard or a sufficient number to form a decent audience around Parson Beecher, who, seated solitarily and alone under the transpa-

rency, and nervously twitching his finger, impatiently awaited their arrival. But though this remnant of a once gallant band at length reached the ground, and listened with decent attention to the parson as long as they could keep awake to the species of sermonic oration which he had prepared for their satisfaction, few were exactly in a condition or qualified to comprehend or appreciate the merits of this *de omnibus rebus diatribe*—having qualified a little too often on the way to take anything more of an intoxicating kind than what they had already brought with them in their heads, between which and their feet there was not that understanding or concert of action that had so happily existed in the earlier part of the day, when the latter submitted to the directions of the former with such mechanical and professional precision. Thus ended the first lesson—the whole affair terminating in a failure and Babel like confusion, presenting a saturnalia or drunken fraternization between Yankees and negroes, never before exhibited to the world, and forming a reproach to a civilized community and a disgrace to the country.

We have prepared, Mr. Editor, a brief or compendious report of Parson Brownlow's oration, delivered on the above occasion, which we may, perhaps, prepare for another number of the *Phanix*.

CAMDEN, WEDNESDAY, MAY 17.

The city of Detroit had a funeral procession, on Tuesday the 9th inst., over four miles in length, in honor of their late President, LINCOLN.

We have been favored through, the kind attention of Mr. W. MULLER, with copies of the *Charleston Courier* and *New York Herald*, both of a late date.

SECRETARY SEWARD.—The *New York Herald* says: Secretary SEWARD is suffering some inconvenience from his fractured jaw, but that in other respects he was almost restored to his normal health. FREDERICK SEWARD continues to improve.

CURIOS.—The *Charleston Courier* of Friday last says: It is a singular coincidence that BOOTH was shot almost in the same place in which he shot President Lincoln, and that he died at twenty-two minutes past seven o'clock, the same hour and minute at which President LINCOLN died.

In another paragraph it is stated that BOOTH did not deliver himself up, as reported; but is in New York, and if wanted will promptly respond to the call of the government.

It is known that the body of the murderer has been disposed of in such a manner that none, save those immediately concerned in the burial, know where the remains are deposited. Whether sunk in mid-ocean, buried on some lonely shore below tide mark, or burned, and the ashes scattered to the winds, the public know not. The *Washington Republican* says that BOOTH had a commission of Lieutenant Colonel under the rebel government. The above is not only curious, but contradictory.

The following *palatable* editorial paragraph we take from the *Charleston Courier* of Friday last. If this be a clever specimen of the taunting jeers we are in future to be subjected to—and that too by a portion of the press of our own State—surely forbearance must in time cease to be a virtue:

THE C. S. A.—The two officers who registered their names at the hotel a day or two since, and, at the same time took special pains to inform the public they were attached to the C. S. A., are perhaps ignorant of the fact that the Confederate States Army is delinquent by virtue of its being thoroughly beaten, whipped and kicked out of existence by the Union forces. A man who will register himself as an officer of the rebel army at the present time shows, not only a bad taste, but a lack of sense. We cannot conceive how a man

possessed with a reasonable amount of sensibility can take pride in announcing to the public that he ever was numbered among a gang of rebels who made an unsuccessful effort to destroy the country in which he lived. The simple name of rebels is sufficient to brand any one with infamy and disgrace, without the party resorting to means which shall disseminate the fact of his past career. The sooner the deluded people who fought against the old flag return to a full allegiance to the United States Government, the better it will be for them.

FROM THE INTERIOR.—The *Charleston Courier* of Friday says: People from the interior towns are arriving in the city every day. They represent that the feeling in the country is decidedly favorable towards having the State represented at the National Congress at Washington at the next session. The citizens are not wholly satisfied with the rebel Governor MAGRATH'S procedure, and are inclined to the impression that had he exerted himself as he should have done, State matters might have been in a much better condition than they now are. All are anxious to have the communications opened with Charleston. Many of the people now living in the country were formerly residents of this city, and, in numerous instances their household effects are still here. They are desirous of being where they can receive the protection of the United States Government. Travellers reach here by all sorts of means, some come in vehicles, others walk; at any rate, all, it appears, are determined to get here some way. There continues to be a scarcity of substantial provisions in the large towns.

The Sultana Disaster.

NO EASTERN TROOPS LOST BY THE EXPLOSION—ALLEGED CRIMINALITY OF THE AUTHORITIES—THE BOAT CROWDED FAR BEYOND HER CAPACITY.

St. Louis, Monday, May 1.—Hon. John Covode, of the war Committee, furnishes the following information relative to the *Sultana*.

No troops belonging to the State East of Ohio were lost.

All the Eastern troops will be sent to Annapolis.

Mr. Covode says that the boat was overloaded, her registered capacity being for only 376 passengers, and she had nearly 2200 on board.

There were other good boats at the time at Vicksburg, in which some of the paroled soldiers could have been sent home in just as well as not, but the authorities would not permit them to leave.

The paroled prisoners think there is criminality about the matter.

About 2000 more paroled prisoners were at Vicksburg when the *Sultana* left. Three thousand others were left at Andersonville, in consequence of the rail road being destroyed between Andersonville and Jackson. They will be sent to Annapolis by way of the sea.

The agent of the *Sultana* writes that nearly 1700 persons were lost by the disaster.

All reports agree that not less than fifteen hundred were lost.

J. Thorp, a guerrilla, was hung to-day.

JAMESTOWN.—This first settlement of Virginia—one of the most celebrated spots in American history—is now an abandoned plantation, about half-way between City Point and Fortress Monroe, on the North side of the river. Only two or three old brick chimneys and the ruins of a little old brick church mark the spot where the ancient village once stood. The brick constituting these ruins were imported from England at a very early day, and are yet in a good state of preservation. Many of them have been taken away as relics, since the commencement of the war, and not a few of them even now enter into the constitution of the comfortable winter quarters in the armies of the Potomac and the James, and at general headquarters at City Point.